

The Evening World.

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SOME PROGRESS.

THERE is reason to believe that coincident with a movement to make the blockade of German ports a reality the British Government means to announce important modifications of its high handed policy toward American ships and American trade.

According to American opinion in London, "the British Government shows an unmistakable tendency now to shift around to the presently expressed American contention that the international law which prevailed before the present war must ultimately govern Great Britain's assertion of her sea power."

For the past eight months the United States Government has been diligently teaching Teutonic powers the principles of international law as applied to submarine warfare. Peacemakers declared they would never learn the lesson.

Yet ten days ago the German Foreign Office offered this country formal assurance that German submarines have detailed orders "to conduct cruiser warfare in the Mediterranean only in accordance with the principles of international law." A day or two earlier the Austro-Hungarian Government made pledges equally explicit.

Now, when there is every indication that we shall soon be free to wage upon Great Britain our already expressed views regarding the rights of neutral commerce, we find Great Britain, too, pondering international law in a listening mood.

International law was what we set out to uphold. Neutral nations all over the world may congratulate themselves. We seem to be making good.

TO END "DEATH AVENUE."

THE agreement at last reached between the city and the New York Central Railroad for the removal of all railroad tracks from street surfaces on the west side promises to end one of the most dangerous and unsightly survivals that ever marred the municipal map.

Tunnels and elevated structures make "Death Avenue" a thing of the past. Not only will a long-standing menace to life be removed but sightliness and convenience will be brought to thoroughfares long galled by surface tracks and freight traffic.

It is by no means a one-sided bargain the city has arranged. Although no municipal cash will be required—the New York Central furnishing the \$50,000,000 which the improvement will cost—nevertheless the city will give the railroad a number of parcels of land the value of which, though not yet stated, is sure to prove very considerable.

The advantage, however, of promptly getting rid of a great evil too long endured probably outweighs anything the city might hope to gain by further years of haggling or litigation.

If the Board of Estimate approves the plan the work of removing the tracks can begin forthwith. A start on this job is something the town has long been impatient to see.

TAXICAB ABUSES.

COMPLAINTS about meterless motor cabs are a healthy sign.

The taxicab ordinance secured by the efforts of The Evening World has for two and a half years been showing New Yorkers what licensed, regulated taxicab service at legal rates can give.

No wonder the public now resents the imposition of railway station and hotel cabs which, under the plea of "private service," extort extra rates:

"In spite of the ordinance passed in 1913," complains former Commissioner of Accounts Raymond B. Fosdick in a letter to the Times, "most of the taxicabs that today operate from hotels and railroad stations charge sums which are guessed at by a 'starter' in advance of the trip."

Why should railroad companies in particular be permitted to use the private property plea to accord exclusive privileges to "private" motor cabs so that the latter may charge the public more than the legal rates?

From the first The Evening World has maintained that all taxicabs kept for public hire in this city ought to be compelled to carry meters and do a licensed business at legal rates.

Three years ago nobody would have thought of questioning the kind of cab extortion now practiced at the railway terminals of the city. To-day it is different. After plenty of experience with licensed taxicabs at legal rates most people have little use for "starters" who summon "special" cabs with "special" charges.

The public is entitled to the full benefits of the taxicab ordinance whenever and wherever it hires public cabs. Because a man asks for a cab within the limits of a railway terminal is no reason why he should be compelled to pay toll to graft.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

YES, our export trade has received a tremendous stimulus in some directions because of the war," remarked a prominent American manufacturer, "but we must improve our methods if we expect to hold what we've gained. It is not because we can't compete with Europe on price and quality. It's largely because of sheer carelessness and stupidity on the shipping platform of our factories."

"Listen to what Consul Samuel T. Lee of San Jose, Costa Rica, has to say under date of Oct. 25:

"A leading American manufacturer last month shipped an electrical component and switch to a prominent dealer in San Jose. The contents weighed not 125 pounds, the gross weight of the case was 250 pounds, and the volume of the package was three times greater than necessary. The dealer referred to inclosed a printed slip with each order, and has repeatedly written letters on the subject to the offending exporter, but without result. The slip reads:

"This paste paint should be prepared with less liquid and then packed in drums with heads securely riveted to the steel drum. These drums should each be marked to customer and shipped loose, without being packed in the heavy case. The steel drum gives ample protection if the heads are attached as described and packed in the heavy case. The following Europe will continue to supply most of the ground-in-oil paint paste used in San Jose."

Men Who Fail

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By J. H. Cassel



"I'm entitled to knock off early to-day. I worked an hour overtime last week."

The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

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"This is such a relief," she said. Bill, the janitor, came in.
"Bill," said Spooner, "we're making you the beneficiary of a plan we have in force in this office now. I cannot explain it, but you're apt to have a dollar or two before the day is over."
"Oh, fine!" replied Bill. "Say," he continued, "they're going to make me heat this whole building. Instead of just a few offices. What do you suppose the coal will come to?"
"I should say \$15 a day," said Miss Primm.
"No," replied Bill. "The coal will come to ashes."
"Knowing as how you folks like to be paid in cash," said Spooner, "I'll hand you one." And with a loud laugh he left the room.
"The plan's off," said Spooner. "Bill doesn't deserve any gifts."
"Oh, by the way," said Popple, "Bill's a Kansan like Willard."
"Ahem!" said Bobbie. "I'd call him an ash-Kansan."
"That will do, Bobbie!" snapped Miss Primm.
"Thanks," replied the boy. "I thought it would, too."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"I NEVER saw such a man! Why don't you button up your overcoat?" asked Mrs. Jarr.
"It's not cold," replied Mr. Jarr.
Mrs. Jarr clutched him by the arm. The threads of their discourse were forgotten. "You have come away from the house without your rubbers!" she gasped.
"Oh, never mind those rubbers. My shoes are good and my feet are dry. I won't be out in the slush at all."
"No," said Mrs. Jarr firmly, "we'll go back and get your overshoes. You've got a cold as it is, and I'll be so worried, just worried sick, if you don't have your rubbers this weather!"
So back they went, and Mr. Jarr had to put on his rubbers.
"The darn things are slit on the side. I just might as well not have any on at all," he grumbled.
"That little hole won't hurt," replied Mrs. Jarr after an inspection.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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THE happiest people are those who were "mated in Heaven," but just managed not to meet one another and spoil it all here, on earth.

To twenty men that know how to make money, and ten that know how to make love, there is usually about one who knows how to order a dinner successfully.

Given a marriage between a man with the "Um" habit and a woman with the "Why?" habit, and Satan has a good start toward one divorce court episode.

A woman sometimes regrets the kisses she has given; a man regrets only those he failed to take.

That a man loves to be alternately bullied and babied above all things else in the world is irrefutably proved every time one of them insists on marrying his trained nurse.

"The wages of sin are always promptly paid," says a philosopher; but dear me, sometimes a woman has an awfully hard time collecting them in the form of alimony from the man who promised to love, honor and cherish her!

Marriage, to a girl, is sometimes merely a means of pacifying her family, gratifying her vanity, mortifying her rivals and electrifying her girl friends, all at the same time.

The best way to charm a man with an ardent love-letter is to refrain from writing it.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

97.—THE THREEFOLD DESTINY; by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

RALPH CRANFIELD was a New Englander—restless, mystical, superstitious. In his boyhood he had an odd dream which he insisted was a prophetic vision. And he let the vision govern his whole life.

In this dream Ralph had been told that his was a Threefold Destiny; that three events were to round out his life. The events, as he dreamed them, were:

First, he would some day find the word "Dig" carved in Latin, and by digging in the earth beneath the carving word he would find treasure.

Second, three aged men would some day come to him with the offer of a rulership over mankind, which would lead to glorious results.

Third, he would meet a beautiful woman who was his destined mate. She would be wearing an ornament in the shape of a heart, and by this sign he should recognize her as the One Woman for him. On seeing her, he was to say: "I have brought you a heavy heart. May I rest its weight on you?" And if she were his fated bride she would reply, touching the heart ornament she wore: "This token which I have worn so long is the assurance that you may."

It was a queer and fanciful idea—this Threefold Destiny. Yet Ralph Cranfield believed in it. And at times he drove him out across the whole world, to seek its fulfillment.

For years he wandered—journeying from India to the Arctic; everywhere seeking the vision's promise. Poverty, loneliness, hopeless weariness were his only rewards.

At last, sick of heart, he came back to his New England home; where, in her cottage, his old mother awaited him. As Ralph walked up the little path toward the cottage he saw a half-defined word carved on one of the trees in the yard. It was "Dig"—the Latin word for "Dig." He himself had cut it there, in boyhood. He smiled grimly at the memory and passed on into the house, where his mother rapturously greeted the returned wanderer.

News of Ralph's homecoming spread through the village, as did the tale of his extensive travels. He was looked on by the neighbors as a man of wonderful experiences and education.

Next day, the three old Selectmen of the village called on him. They had come to offer him the post of teacher in the local school—a position that had just fallen vacant.

With a thrill, Ralph understood that the second part of his vision had been fulfilled; as had the first.

The word "Dig" on the cottage-side tree meant that he should find wealth in digging and cultivating his mother's farm, and in releasing from it the hidden treasure of rich harvests.

The offer of the school meant a chance to rule over the younger generation of mankind and shape their minds to splendid results for humanity.

The third portion of the dream alone remained unproven.

Ralph Cranfield walked out into the fields to ponder over his strange fortune. And there he chanced to meet Faith Ekerston, his boyhood sweetheart, who advanced with hands outstretched to welcome him home.

As he looked down into the girl's beautiful upturned face, he knew all at once that he loved her—that he had always loved her. Then his eye was caught by an odd ornament she wore. It was an Indian arrowhead, shaped like a heart—a gift from himself in the olden days. And now he knew the whole vision had come true. Tremblingly he said: "I have brought you a heavy heart. May I rest its weight on you?"

Faith touched the heart-shaped arrowhead and made answer: "This token, which I have worn so long, is the assurance that you may."

Happy is he who, like this learner—even after weary search of the whole world—to interpret youth's vision and life's problems at last, at his own door.

The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XLIII.

FOR days I thought of little else but the knowledge that suddenly came to me. I was constantly puzzled over the situation. Then, worn out with thinking, I decided to leave it on the knees of the gods, to let them decide. In the meantime I would try to throw Haskell and Little Jack together instead of trying to keep them apart as I had done. Armed with the knowledge I now possessed, my business prospered beyond my wildest dreams, so no longer feared losing him.

Then—why had I not thought of it before? Why not beg Haskell to adopt the boy legally?

"Full of my project, I waited for Haskell to come home."

"I want to adopt Jack. Legally, I mean, then no one can take him from me," I remarked, plunging at once into the subject.

Haskell turned first and then white. He shot a peculiar look at me which I pretended not to notice.

"What's put that into your head?" "Oh, it has been there a long time," I answered lightly.

"Well, you better get it out," he said, and regarded me for a moment.

When I returned a half hour later the child was fast asleep in his father's arms, and Haskell himself was nodding sleepily in the half light.

When the maid called him to dinner he made no response. I waited a few minutes, then went into the library. Some change for me today, I called his name, telling him we were

waiting dinner, that it would be cold. When he did not answer, I went over to him and laid my hand on his arm, thinking him asleep. To my horror I saw he was unconscious.

We once put him to bed. He did not know us for days. Gradually he began to notice, although he was not able to speak. His lower limbs were paralyzed. His first words were a request that Jack be taken to him.

Without a word Mrs. Clark left the room, returning almost immediately with Jack. As they came into the room Haskell turned his eyes toward them and whispered:

"Lift him up here."

I lifted the little fellow up on the bed, and to my astonishment, instead of showing any fear he cuddled down beside Haskell as if it were the most natural thing possible.

Often in the next few days Haskell would ask for the child. His speech had returned in a measure, and he was slowly getting better. The doctor believed he would entirely recover, unless he had another stroke. But some way I could not share his belief.

One afternoon when I returned from the shop Haskell was propped up in bed and seemed brighter than he had since his illness.

"Send for Dickerson," he said to me. "I want to see him." Mr. Dickerson had been his lawyer for many years.

As I left the room to do his bidding I wondered what he wanted of the lawyer. Since his failure he had not been able to recover himself and could have little or nothing to leave should he die.

(To Be Continued.)

Pop's Mutual Motor—By Alma Woodward.

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SCENE—A small road, many miles to almost nowhere, where the wheels between his hands and his feet are blocks of vacuum, with a view of the horizon.

Ma (from the depths of several strata of covering)—Well, maybe this kind of thing is

healthful, but I don't think it's sense to reduce the temperature of the body to below freezing, with all this grip around.

Pop (chopping off the words before they freeze)—Who suggested it? I didn't. No use trying health culture after you're forty. Get pneumonia for being gay. Swell chance, then. Sexton told me the chaperon fair!

Ma (snatching loudly)—Talk about something pleasant. Oh, look, Milton! See that woman in the road ahead, dragging that little boy along. Oh! Poor thing! Imagine having to walk in this weather!

Pop (voluntarily)—Walk! I'd give my neck if I COULD wear that! I'd give to graft part of a centipede on my neck before I'd ever walk again.

Ma (sympathetically)—That isn't the question. That poor creature is in a hurry to get somewhere. There aren't any cars, and if there were, most likely she hasn't got the money to ride. Look how poorly, yet how neatly she dresses! Proud as Lucifer, I expect. You'll have to give them a lift, Milton.

Pop (eyes watering from cold)—Kid looks fresh.

Ma—Stop the car a little ahead so she can't say "No." Milton, I'll bet those two are starving. I'll bet they haven't got a loaf of bread in the house. And she's just the kind that